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CHAPTER VIII.

A few hours later Temple-Dene was ablaze with lights that flashed down on a brilliant scene. Dinner was just ever, and the gentlemen as well as the ladies had deserted the dining room; for outside, under the solemn Christmas stars, and drawn up in a semisircle on the snow-covered terrace, were the mummers shouting in coarse unison an old world catch:

"God rest you, mercy gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay!"

In the large hall, where the vivid actly berries blazed red on the steel armor of the knightly figures, and in festoons on the tapestried walls, a goodly company was assembled—the house party of guests, with a background of the domestic of the establishment.

"And this is England, and an English Christmas eve!" A pair of small, thin hands were childishly clapped. "Oh, I never dreamed it would be so lovely, so delightful!"

A broad smile went round, for the excited speaker was the bride.

"Wonders will never cease," silently thought Gervis, as he stood amazed. Gladdy had since the afternoon thrown off the stupor of melancholy that so often oppressed her now and puzzled her husband. She had been at dinner merry quips.

"I wish Ansdell could just see her now," said Gervis to himself. "The old chap would stare. He'd have to swallow his dismal croakings about decline and wasting away. She's as merry as a cricket!"

But Ansdell could not see the transformation, for he had shut himself up immediately on arriving with a tremendous headache; and it seemed as if Gladdy in his absence had lifted herself as a plant raises its head after the storm has passed.

Even wilful, the bride had escaped from the elders of the party-Lady Jane and the stately dowagers. She would have none of their wearisome congratulatory speeches. There was but one person in all Temple-Dene Gladdy wanted, and that was Leila Desmond, to whom the bride had taken a wild fancy. She would have none by her side but Leila; and Syb watched the pair with glowering eyes that smouldered wrathfully.

They stood, these two, in the foreground of the warm, dazzlingly bright interior, conspicuous figures, for both wore white.

curty hair diamonds sparkled; while ning dress, at her elbow. His dark Lella, in her dead-white crape, simply eyes were intently following the bride's made frock, had not a single ornament drooping figure; for, oddly enough, save her own sweet smile and a bunch Gladdy felt one of her miserable fits of dewy, heavy-headed Christmas roses of depression stealing over her. fastened in the folds of her bodice.

"I love your dear old-fashioned Christmas customs," went on Gladdy. But this time it was for Leila's ear only she spoke, and she squeezed her new friend's hand under cover of her satins and laces as the two girls stood close side by side.

keep Christmas in the old country, and vis said, amazed. I know that old legend in verse. The Mistletoe Bough."

soft eyes on the bride. "Then, you know, Gervis would tell you that many people think the tragedy actually happened here at Temple-Dene?"

added: "Gervis did not tell me, I wonder he did not."

wife next to nothing about the old nome of his ancestors.

you know," said Leila, hesitatingly; happy "but there is a tradition that a bride of the family was lost, and found dead in an old black-oak chest which stands in the gallery up yonder."

round the large hall.

course it is only hearsay, we are not positive."

I must see it! Oh, I must! Please take me at once!" And Gladdy caught up her satin skirts to rush off.

Wait, Mrs. Templeton-please wait few moments!" urged Leila, laying her hand gently on the American girl's grandly." round, white arm. "The mummers are all village folk who have known us and Gervis all their lives. They would be terribly hurt if you ran away before the carols are finished."

thoughtful of the feelings of others. "But I always do just what I've a mind to do!" said Gladdy, half fret-

Fou shall see the old oak chest to- did something!" agreew, Mrs. Templeton, I promise you that," said Lella, much as she said have sought to pacify a fracse child. And Gladdy, docile enough have seen such eyes. But there's one ere see loved and already she thing I know. Supposing the powers the half-circle of upturned rustic us to be their tools, I know and beices out on the snow under the stars. Here that the powers of good-God the Presently Gladdy, pink and tremu- Father and God the Son-are far

r be rare and sweet to look upon, ppyl thod bless she, we the whisper went round

rie, he do look grave,

neighbors quite as securely as we may imagine we do.

"Listen!" cried a voice from the hall. "Hark to the joybells! They've

begun to peal." From the distant villages and hamlets round came at one and the same moment a passionate peal of joy.

"The happy bells across the snow," telling once again the happy story to weary, sin-laden humanity that unto each and all a Savior was born!

For a few moments there was a little hush. The gay throng stood still and silent, just as did the shepherds on that first Christmas eve the world ever saw. Humanity held its breath in the face of the "glad tidings great joy." And now, as then, the hush was followed by a burst of joyful song-the mummers' carol:

All glory be to God on high, And on the earth be peace; Goodwill henceforth from heaven

Begin and never cease,

"Amen," murmured Leila's low weet voice. And she raised wet eyes to the Christmas stars above.

Tonight she could once again say "God is good, God is good!" for to her sore heart the Comforter had come the gayest of the party, all smiles and the Christ-Child, with "healing on His

To Gervis Templeton, as he gave her one glance, it was as though he gazed on the face of an angel.

There was that in its holy, rap! look to help him on the right path. "Gladdy"- he moved to his wife's side-'i must take you indoors. This sort of night air is not good for you."

A fragile, almost wasted little figure

it was that he led into the house, and pitying eyes followed it. "She's not long for this world; any body can see that," the whisper went

"Oh, nonsense!" Lady Jane, as she caught it, frowned. "Everybody knows that American girls are like thistledown to look at, but they are wiry enough for all that; they make old women with the best of us."

"In a general way-yes; but as re gards Mrs. Templeton, Lady Jane, you must face the fact that she is handicapped by a constitution so frail, and a temperament so highly strung, that any sudden shock might kill her!"

"Mr. Ansdell! Glad to see you have recovered."

Lady Jane wheeled round, to find the At the bride's throat and in her scientist, clad in irreproachable eve-

"What is it? Are you chilled?" anxlously asked Gervis, when he got her into the deserted drawing room,

"I don't know-yes, I wish that man had stayed in his room, he frightens me!" gasped Gladdy, faintly. "What man? You don't mean Ans-

dell? The poor old chap would do any "I've read heaps about the way you mortal thing for you, Gladdy!" Ger-

"Oh, of course he would! Oh, no, no! I didn't mean that. I want"-"Oh, do you?" Leila turned her there was a pause-"I want Leila." A few minutes later Gladdy was in her own room, her new friend's soft

arms round her.

"You are over-tired, Mrs. Temple-"N-no!" Gladdy gasped. Then she ton," Leila's soft, rich voice was saying almost tenderly, for her heart was strangely drawn to this woman-she Gervis, it seemed, had told his new who ought to be the richest and happlest woman on earth, for had she not Gervis? Leila already knew instinct-"Oh, well, we are not exactly sure, ively that the bride was miserably un-

"I am not strong," said Gladdy, presently. "I was always a weak thing. and I'd no mother to see to me, you know. But I never was like this be-She pointed to the gallery running fore. It is since the night of the fire on the prairie. Perhaps I got a shock. "And many people firmly believe she Leila, I hate black eyes, don't you? was the Ginevra of the poem. But of Black, deep pools, that seem to hold all that is evil and bad in their

"Oh, no!" Leila's own dark-blue eyes widened apprehensively. Could Gladdy be delirious? Was she on the verge of some fever? "I rather admire dark eyes, they flash and sparkle so

She spoke calmly, as if to reassure the trembling girl beside her.

"I don't mean dark eyes. I mean eyes black as pools of ink, cruel eyes, that hold your very soul in a grip of It was Leila all over to be ever iron. Leila, such eyes have a wicked power. Their owner could make one commit any crime, perhaps even murder! Oh, that's why I feel such an agony of fear at times! Suppose

> Leila drew her brows together in bewilderment

"Dear, I can't think where you can d Lella turned with smiling eyes of evil are suffered to tempt or force was led out upon the steps to how stronger, and that with Their help we can safely resist all evil influences." "You mean to tell me your faith is

so real, so intense?" Gladdy bent forward until her thin, harp little face touched the soft boxes containing boots and shoes, milound of Leffa's cheek,

"Why, yes?" was the astonished an-

How can we listen to the story the funbells are telling and feel one scrap of doubt?"

"I wish I were real good, like yeu," sighed Gladdy. "Lella, do you know sometimes, quite lately, a strong feeling has come to me that my life will be a short one? I haven't enough stamina in me to live."

She stretched out her thin little hands to warm them at the blaze of the wood fire. Leila gazed from them to her in profound amazement.

Was this how a happy bride talked, then? And on Christmas eve, too, when the thought of Christmas peace was warming each heart.

"Shall I send Gervis to you?" she said, softly, wondering a little at her own strength. But Gladdy, unheeding, continued to stare wistfully into the leaping blaze,

and the Christmas bells pealed on

CHAPTER IX.

through the frosty air.

Christmas day, with its happy greetings and its gifts, its peaceful services, its feasting of the poor and its great home dinner, was drawing to a close. It was night, and the merrymakings at their height.

The old mansion of Temple-Dene, every nook and cranny of it, was filled with guests, who had come from far and near, bidden to the festivities.

Round a monster Christmas tree danced happy children, eager to grasp the gifts dealt out to them by Santa Claus, a stately figure, snow-covered and holly-decked, sham icicles hanging from his hair and beard, nobody guessing that under the disguise was Gervis himself.

He, and Gladdy also, had thrown themselves with childish glee into the evening's amusements; while Leila and little Syb, fairly exhausted by the toil of decorating the hall, the gallery and the numerous rooms, were well content to look on at the revels in which the whole establishment, guests and servants alike, were joining. There was one exception, however.

In the quiet, distant library, Francis Templeton sat among his dumb friends, the long row of books. He alone, the master of the house, was absent from the Christmas rejoicings. Never more would he mingle with his fellow men.

But in the revelry now at its height he was not even missed. "We must have 'Sir Roger de Cover-

ley' and then supper!" at last cried Lady Jane. It was so long since the poor lady had tasted the joy of entertaining her

neighbors that she threw herself into the business of the moment with gen-"My dear!" She seized the skirts of Gladdy's silver brocade dress as the girl fled past with a couple of flushed, eager children, one on each side. The bride had apparently cast off her meiancholy of the previous night, and was radiantly gay. "You must dance 'Bir

ler, you know. You must, really!" insisted Lady Jane. "Oh, but Mith Templeton ith going to show uth the big black box where the poor lady was shut up dead!" lisped a fair-haired boy in blue velvet

Roger' with Barnes, our good old but-

and point lace. "Never mind, little man, I'll take you up to the gallery after the dance is

Gladdy stooped to kiss the disappointed, rosy mouth.

were not dancers crowded close to see | came to her with added severity. She the popular, old-fashioned dance led off by the dainty, fragile bride, in her never forgave Buller. When his name gleaming jewels and shimmering gown. and the venerable, white-haired Barnes, the trustiest of the Temple-Dene retainers.

At the opposite end of the two long rows of dancers was Lella Desmond, trails of scarlet holly berries on her white gown and in her sunny hair, her partner being the small boy in blue velvet. Gladdy's lisping admirer.

(To be continued.)

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Needlessly Alarmed the Young Lady Covering His Grip. A bashful young man had sat for some time in the terminal station as Philadelphia, waiting for his train to be announced. His grip he had shoved under his seat. Finally he jumped up and sought the train announcer for the third time. He was told that his train time had at last arrived. Then the young man remembered his grip, which he had left under the seat in the waiting room. Hurrying back, he was amazed to find a beautiful girl occupying the place he had left a moment before. His grip was hidden by her skirts and the bashful young man saw no way of getting at it. He feared that he would miss his train, so he decided to speak to the young lady. Strutting up to her in a flustered state, his intention to politely ask her to allow him to get his grip was forgotten and he blurted out with: "Pardon me, lady, but you are sitting on a nail and might tear your dress." With a bound the girl was out of the seat, when the young man grabbed his grip and fairly ran through the waiting room and to his train. The girl blushed as others sitting near giggled and she, too, hurried

Need Not Wire Boxes.

for her train.

out to the train shed and waited there

The western classification committee, in session at Hot Springs, Ark., has decided not to require the wiring of linery goods and other small articles. A protest from Milwaukee shippers made by Secretary H. B. Wilkins of the Merchants and Manufacturers' as-

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Passes Peacefully Away Surrounded by Family.

ALBERT EDWARD IS NOW KING

He Will Ascend the Throne as Edward VII. History of the Queen's Failing Health-Had Been Alling for a Long

Queen Victoria, the most beloved of all Europe's rulers, died Tuesday morning. She was surrounded by members of the royal family. Her death came without pain.

The slight rally of Monday morning which gave rise to the hope that she might live a few days was dissipated



with the same QUEEN VICTORIA. late at night when she began to sink rapidly. The royal family present wept silently as the most famous monarch of the century passed into the Great Beyond. Preparations were at once begun to officially convey the news to the Prince of Wales and crown him as King Edward VII.

QUEEN FAILED GRADUALLY.

Her Mind Had Been Giving Way for Months.

A dispatch to the New York World from London says: "Your correspondent has obtained from a source within court circles the first comprehensive account of the queen's illness that has been given out. They show that her mind has been failing for many months, even before her visit to Ireland. She has been a mental wreck for months. Whenever it was officially announced that she made felicitous responses to speeches at public functions it is a matter of cold fact that the poor old queen was in such a daze that all she could say to her companions was 'Where am 1?' Several times when she has appeared in public during the past six or eight months ahe has fallen asleep.

War Preyed on Her Mind. "When her brain was clear she immediately reverted to the horrors of the war in South Africa. Again and again she barped upon the war. This war, which she strove with all her power to avert, made the last hours of England's queen who reigned happily longer than most men live, most wretched and miserable. In her lucid intervals it haunted her incessantly. Gen Buller, before leaving England for the South African campaign, assured the queen that the war would be 'difficult, but not dangerous.' In conse-Presently the whole company who quence the news of the many revedses felt that she had been deceived and was submitted to her for a visit to Africa she stroked it through with her f worth living.

Suffered Fits of Crying. "It was at this time that the queen had the fits of crying in an aggravated form which immediately preceded her critical illness. The assassination of the king of Italy last July shocked her deeply. The news of the illness of her eldest child, the Empress Frederick. added greatly to her distress, and the fact that she was physically unable to visit the empress and see her beeither nervous and excitable. Later came the death of her second son, the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburgh), which in a few weeks was followed by the death of her grandson. Prince Christian Victor, son of her daughter Helena, wife of Prince Christian o Schleswig-Holstein. The prospect of an indefinite prolongation of the war was a trial under which her health again began to sink in November last. Her spirit remained undaunted, and when it was reported that President Kruger had said the war would claim her as one of its victims, the queen replied: 'I may die, but Kruger won't kill me.' The last time she drove outside the grounds of Osborne, the villagers of East Cowes were astounded to hear the clear treble of the son of the princess of Battenberg trilling out popular songs from the royal carriage.

"The boy was singing to keep his grandmother awake, in obedience to her wishes. Now and again she dozed, wakening to tell the boy to continue his chant, which to the initiated onlooker contained a world of pathos.

Delaware's Whipping Post.

Delaware is now agitating the abolition of the whipping post and pillory. A bill will be introduced in the state senate doing away with corporal punishment. The new measure has the support of those who have seen the workings of the old system in connection with the workhouses, but it is considered doubtful that the bill will be passed, for the people of the rural districts believe that the small percentage of burglaries and similar offenses in the state is due to fear of the whipping post.



that city. Cured of la grippe by Peruna.

grave one by one.

Peruna cures catarrh in all stages

and varieties, whether acute or chronic,

remedy ever devised for removing all

the derangements which follows in

Samuel M. York writes from Union

Dear Sir-"Last week I was taken

with la grippe and catarrhal deafness.

I wrote you for advice and followed

your directions. After taking two bot-

tles of Peruna I found myself well of

la grippe, and my hearing was fully re-

stored. My health is better than it

much after taking Peruna."-Samuel

"My wife improved in health very

Grove, Ala., the following letter:

ISS FRANCES M. ANDERSON, I tinue to suffer on, dropping into the Corresponding Secretary of the Higher Educational League, writes from the"Astoria,"Washington, D. C., the following: and is therefore the most effective

"About two months ago I was taken very ill with is grippe and was obliged to go to bed. I took three bottles of Peruna with very beneficial results, and was able to leave my bed in i week and regained my usual strength

"I have nothing but praise for Peruns, and recommend it to those similarly afflicted whenever I can."-Frances M. Anderson.

La grippe is, strictly speaking, epidemie catarrh—that is to say, a variety of acute catarrh which is so contagious and runs a course more or less definite, the same as scarlet fever, whooping cough, etc.

During the acute stages of la grippe it is not a very fatal disease, but the condition in which it leaves the system has caused the death of a count-

ad la grippe within the last three years finds himself more or less deranged by the pernictous effects of this disease. The majority of those who Windsor after his return from South have escaped death find life scarcely

only know with what certainty and promptness Peruna would relieve them of all the bad effects which la grippe has brought upon them, what an untold amount of suffering would be averted!

Thousands have already heard how quickly this remedy will cure in these cases and have been saved; but tens of thousands have not yet heard, and con- The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Q.

a good heart, and not merely to rule

Brock, in Holland, is famed as the

an evil one, as is generally imagined.

Cenuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills

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RTERS FOR DIZZINESS

OURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOR RILIGHEMERS.

FOR TORPIS LIVER.

FOR SALLOW SKIE.

DE CONSTITATION

Yary small and as casy

"neatest" town in the world.

-Sir A. Helps,

M. York. Miss Caroline J. Kahl, Otisco, Ind. writes as follows: "Three years I had In grippe and

has been in five years.

pulmonary trouble. I was very sick. I had hemorrhages of the lungs nearly every day for a year and three bottles Indeed nearly every person who has of your Peruna cured me. The doctor said I had consumption. I am now in better health than I have been for many years. "I highly recommend Peruna to all

my neighbors and friends. Peruna is my favorite medicine. I shall always If this vast multitude of people could | have Peruna in the house."-Miss Caroline J. Kahl. If you do not derive prompt and sat-

isfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of

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SURE



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